

Monday evening, November 19th.

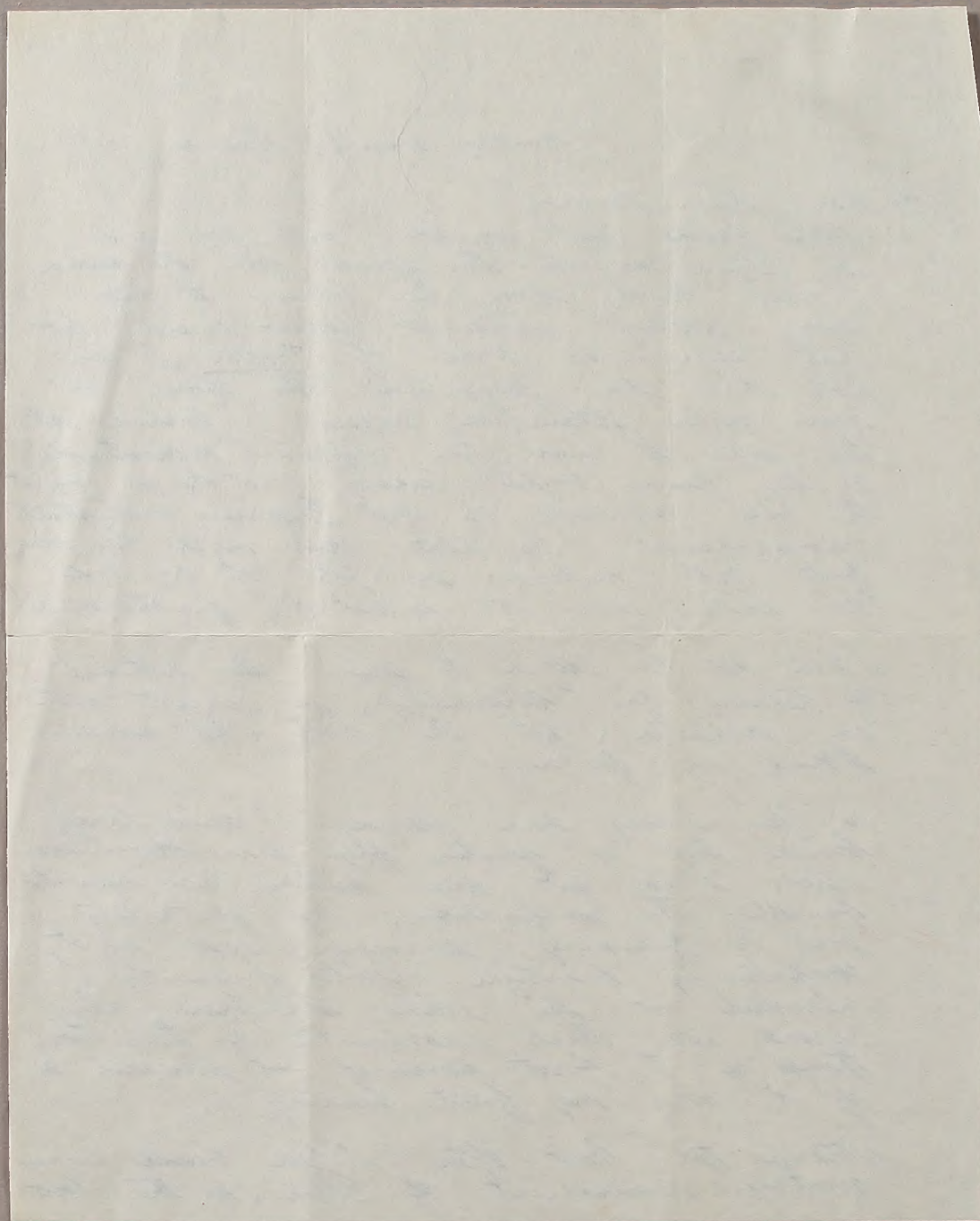
My dear Miss Parlow:

After having spent an hour with you and the Elgar concerto this evening via the radio, I could hardly allow the evening to pass away without saying a small-voiced but most appreciative word of THANKS to you. Both times you performed this work at your vocal literature classes I gushed out the wish to hear you supported orchestrally as the piano could hardly sketch or suggest the huge sublimity of that Elgarian orchestral accompaniment. So now and with two ears quite fully realized, in spite of my sad, old radio and its inimitable functionings!

I shall not be selfish to dream the ultimate of hearing you personally, in concert with an orchestra; yet the wish still remains, stretching my fancies.

So often during your playing I could hardly believe that a printed page and bow-hairs across wired gut were making such moments possible. The imagination, the spontaneity were so charming, winning, and most compellingly beautiful. Quite frequently I marvelled at the echoes throughout the second and third movements of those two themes of the first movement — marvelled as if it was my first hearing!

Strange too how often I have heard some overtones, reminiscent of Elgar, in the slow



movement of the famous Bruch concerto:
yet to - light I never once thought of
this until just this moment. Perhaps
I shall have to write off this aerial
aberration to a faulty, stupid ear
in my head.

Looking forward to your February recital
and wishing you well in the interim:

most respectfully yours,
George Woss.

P.S. I do not consider myself in 'the know'
concerning Bruch, but his spectre
never once arouse across my sights
during the Elgar — perhaps poor
ear-tuning on my part; perhaps
because the Elgar is so completely
perfect and self-sufficient, and so
absorbing to my taste and fancy.

